

## THE NEW BABY.

Oh, we've got a new baby sister!  
Folk act as if she was a queen!  
What Rob and I want doesn't matter,  
And sometimes it seems kind of mean.  
We dress up for regular battles,  
With helmets and sabers and all;  
It's pretty exciting, I tell you!  
We charge on the foe, and they fall,  
And then we hear somebody calling  
(Mamma, or Aunt Lou, or Aunt Jane):  
"Boys! boys! can't you learn to be quiet?  
You're waking the baby again!"

She's little, and red, and keeps squealing,  
And squints up her eyes, just like this!  
And then they all crowd up around her,  
And every one gives her a kiss!  
But when Rob and I play we're wounded,  
And fall, with loud groans, to the floor,  
Why, no one comes flying to help us,  
But while we are "groaning full sore,"  
We're sure to hear somebody calling  
(Mamma, or Aunt Lou, or Aunt Jane):  
"Boys! boys! can't you learn to be quiet?  
You're waking the baby again!"

New Rob can play tunes with one finger,  
And I've got an awful strong voice.  
Rob's favorite is "Star-Spangled Banner,"  
But "Marching Through Georgia" is my choice.  
So gently we do both together,  
It's real hard to keep your own part;  
You can't, "less you do it the loudest."  
But when we've just got a good start  
Of course we hear somebody calling  
(Mamma, or Aunt Lou, or Aunt Jane):  
"Boys! boys! can't you learn to be quiet?  
You're waking the baby again!"

But Rob and I try to be patient,  
For when she's a sensible size,  
That baby, we've planned how we'll have her  
A traveler that's took by surprise  
By robbers, or animals maybe,  
All wild! That'll be one of us,  
The other will rush to her rescue  
With shouts! But they won't make a fuss.  
They'll smile, and they'll say to each other  
(Mamma, or Aunt Lou, or Aunt Jane):  
"Why, we can't expect they'll be quiet;  
They're musing that baby again!"  
—Elizabeth L. Gould, in Youth's Companion.

When the Tenderfoot  
"Made Good"

SOMEbody in the party got off that old threadbare aphorism about a man being known by the company he keeps, when the reserved man with the gray hair about his temples spoke up:

"That reminds me of a little experience I had in the callow days of my youth," he said. "I say 'youth,' although I was in my early manhood and quite old enough to know better, and that brings me to that rather old saying about the exorbitant rates charged by Experience for tuition. My trouble was that I needed experience, but didn't know it. You couldn't tell me many things that I didn't already claim a familiarity with when I set out on this little western trip that I am about to tell of. I was bound from New York to San Francisco, and, in order to dip a little into the ways of the western border town, I had concluded to stop off for a day or two in El Paso, which, at the time I speak of, had a considerable reputation in the line of social informality."

"I didn't expect to learn a great deal about border civilization, mind you, for I had long ceased taking an interest in this sort of thing as depicted in the books and magazines, having come to the conclusion that it had been overdone. I figured that after the veneer of the story book had been scraped from the average western 'bad man,' he would amount to about one rough, uneducated, blustering man in need of a shave and carrying about a gun because the laws of the far west were still rather lax as to the carrying of weapons."

"I made my little trip over the Southern Pacific, and the further west I got the more imminent became the explosion of the frontier myth. I talked the matter over with a young fellow who had got aboard the train at the little town of Abilene, on the edge of the 'cow country,' and he said he had lived in the bad lands since he was 20, and he was then 30, and he hadn't seen any devilishness worth speaking of."

"He explained that he came from St. Louis, and with a lot of money given to him by his father, who was in the grocery business there, he had bought a bunch of cattle and had settled down to roaming the Texas plains as a sort of boss cowboy."

"All this sort of rot about the cowboy being such a tough proposition," said he, with a peculiar sort of accent imbibed from the plains, "is just a lot of airy talk. I ought to know, for I've been kicking around here in the grass for ten years. I've had a little trouble, of course, but nothing worth speaking of, and your talk about the bad men of the west being played out is right, all right."

"Exactly," I replied, gratified at this indorsement of my views by an expert, "exactly so. There are a lot of long-winded galoos hanging around here yet, I suppose, who might give a tenderfoot the impression that they were bad, but I dare say that they're simply a lot of imitators who want to keep up the old traditions, and who would dodge if a real loaded gun were pulled on them."

"Exactly," said my new friend, whose name, by the way, was Williams.

"We seemed to agree on everything, and became fast friends. I acknowledged that I was a pretty nifty proposition in the east, and showed Williams a superb Smith & Wesson 'long range' which I had bought on Broadway especially for this trip. I told him that I always carried one, and he said that he did also as a matter of precaution."

"Well, he was going to El Paso, and of course two such kindred spirits arranged to go over the town together a bit. Williams said he would show me the sights of the place, which were not much except for a lot of faro houses along the main street and a fandango over in Pasado Norte, across the Rio Grande, in the evening."

"Well, I found Williams a first-rate fellow in every respect, quiet and inoffensive, and yet I wondered that he was not more popular than he appeared to be in the gambling houses, in every one of which he seemed to be well known. Everybody nodded to him respectfully, but rather darkly, and the bartenders all seemed to be intent on keeping their eyes on him. And the way that man could hold liquor was wonderful. I had already begun to spend money very freely, and to keep up my self-described reputation of being a sort of an eastern bad man, began to swagger a little."

"I was somewhat astonished while standing at a bar on San Antonio avenue to observe Williams draw his gun and put a bullet into a small mirror hanging just back of the bar. I was equally surprised but relieved beyond words to observe the bartender smile a sickly smile as he came out from under the bar and accept a ten-dollar bill from Williams in payment for the broken mirror."

"Line up here, you galoos, and have a drink with your Uncle Dickey!" shouted my inoffensive friend to a rough looking lot of gents as ever congregated in a saloon. "Waltz up and let me introduce you to my friend and partner from the east, and he's not one of your old tenderfeet, either!" This last referred to me, but what surprised me and lifted a load off my mind at the same time was that this mob of ruffians promptly lined up and shook me by the hand.

"William bought drinks and paid with a \$20 bill, spurning the change. 'Now, it struck me that I would have to 'make good' in some way, and then, in a grand finale of fierceness and generosity, break away from Williams, who was fast becoming too strenuous for me."

I essayed a number of picturesquely violent expressions, and while ordering up the next round of drinks drew my revolver. I had picked out a small glass pitcher standing behind the bar, which I figured on costing me about \$15, and intended to put a bullet through it, but my nerve failed me at the last moment, and I bought another round of drinks instead."

"Well, things went from bad to worse—that is, Williams did. He became wildly hilarious and careless the more sober and careful I became. I wanted to go home, but Williams wouldn't hear of it. He even began to get ugly with me and threatened to shoot me if I deserted him, my old pal."

"The word soon got around that 'Jake' Williams, from Sage River, was on the rampage, and that there was a devil of an eastern highbinder with him, and I had to live up to my reputation. I found out that Williams, when drunk, in which condition he got on each annual visit to El Paso, was about as wild and vicious an Indian as ever came out of the sage brush, and he was such a good shot that it was generally agreed among the men in town to let him alone."

"Well, nobody will ever realize the horrors of that night. Williams shot at something in about every place we got into, and in order to save my life I was compelled at times to follow suit, and several times came near taking off bartenders' heads. A number of men, I could see, wanted to kill me, but they were afraid of Williams, who was shouting and singing and shooting and spending money like a crazy man. I followed suit with hollow mockeries of defiant howlings, and during the course of the evening paid for two window panes, two mirrors and a dog which had fallen victim to my unwilling shooting arm. I was fast going broke with the enormous drain on my finances. Williams said I was 'all right,' not knowing how little interest I was taking in the proceedings. I finally got Williams to bed in a hotel, an entire floor of which we had engaged, and in the quiet of the night I told the clerk of my troubles and bribed him to send me over to the station, where I took the first train out of El Paso, a sadder and a wiser man."—N. Y. Times.

## HOGS ON HALLOWED SITE.

Packing Plant to Be Built Where Historic Philosopher Once Dwelt.

Another literary shrine is to be invaded by the commercial spirit and Concord, Mass., is all stirred up. The scheme is to establish a mammoth packing plant for hog products on the shores of Lake Walden, on the site where Thoreau, the fisherman philosopher, had his cabin. Thousands of hogs will be kept there and fattened until ready to kill, the Fitchburg railroad furnishing the transportation to and from the place. It is said the road has an interest in the deal.

For years Lake Walden has been fringed with a beautiful forest, the retreat in former days of Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Emerson, but as soon as the packing plant deal is completed the forest and the cairn of stones erected by visitors to Thoreau's memory will be things of the past.

## An Indian Combine.

The Omaha and Winnebago Indians, of Nebraska, have learned of the advantage in a "corner," and have organized themselves into a grasping monopoly for the regulation of traffic in Indian goods.

## A Difficult Task.

Yeast—Do you know any difficult tricks with matches?  
Crimsonbeak—Yes; I've often tried to light a cigar with my last one.—Yonkers Statesman.

## If the Cap Fits—

Guest—I want to say to you, sir, that the food here isn't fit for a hog.  
Proprietor—Then don't you eat it.—Detroit Free Press.

## Lesson in American History in Puzzle.



"BEHOLD, VINLAND!"

FIND ERIC THE RED, FATHER OF LIEF ERICSON.

The earliest dates at which the Norsemen landed on the American continent is not known definitely. Some of their maps made as early as 1397 contain references to what was styled a large island lying in the North Atlantic west of Ireland. Eric the Red discovered Greenland, Lief the Lucky, the eldest son of Eric, was even more of a discoverer than his father, and it is thought that he landed along the shores of what is now Massachusetts as early as the year 1000. They called the new land Vinland, and attempted to establish a colony there, but after several years of effort the attempt was given up, and the Norsemen retired from America entirely.

## FIRST MAP OF AMERICA.

It Is the Property of Prince Woldenberg, of Wurtemberg, Germany, and a Valuable Relic.

The Brown university committee in charge of the John Carter Brown library of Americana has recently had under consideration a proposition that the library should make an offer of \$50,000 for the first map containing the name "America." The offer has not been made, nor is it likely to be made in the near future by the library authorities, so it is extremely improbable that this priceless relic of the early history of this country will ever find a home in Providence, says the Providence (R. I.) Journal.

The map to which this extraordinary value is attached is the property of Prince Woldenberg, of Wolfegg castle, in Wurtemberg, Germany. A short time ago an agent of the prince approached the London agent of the Brown library with the proposition that the Providence institution should offer £10,000 for the map, implying that the price named would secure this great geographical relic. The agent communicated with his superiors, and the committee took the matter under consideration. After due thought and consultation the committee decided not to make the offer. It was thought that the proposition of the German agent was nothing more than an attempt to secure a definite offer on which to base negotiations, by which a much higher price could be secured elsewhere. It was also thought doubtful if the German government would allow so valuable an article of historical and geographical interest to leave the country. With apparent negotiations pending for the sale of the map and its removal to the United States, the German government would probably step in and make the purchase on its own account, placing the map in the Berlin library. The proposition appeared like an effort to use the American offer as a cat's-paw for the purpose above mentioned, and the Brown library committee declined to be made use of in that manner.

This map is of undoubted authenticity and is considered by experts to be worth much more than the price mentioned.

In 1507 there was published at the town of St. Die, in the Vosges mountains, a small geographical treatise entitled "Cosmographie Introduction," in which it was suggested that the then lately discovered fourth part of the world should be called "America," because Americus [Vesputius] discovered it. A copy of this book is in the John Carter Brown library. One of those associated in the preparation of the voluminous principles of geometry and astronomy necessary to an understanding of the subject; also an account of the four voyages of Americus Vesputius. In the book is mention of a map and a globe on which were representations of the newly discovered country. It has long been contended that if this map and globe ever came to light the newly discovered western lands represented thereon would be found to bear the name "America," as suggested in the book. This seemed a certainty when two manuscript maps by Glareanus were discovered at Munich and Bonn, both bearing the name "America," the Bonn map being dated 1510.

For the past century there has been a diligent search for the maps of Waldseemuller, but no specimens were seen or heard of, and some historians and geographers in recent years have even gone so far as to state definitely that the globe and name was Martin Waldseemuller, a

the map were never issued at all and that the book was published alone. About two years ago the geographical world was startled by the announcement that Waldseemuller's long-lost map of 1507, together with another of his of 1516, had been discovered by Prof. P. Joseph Fischer, in the library of Prince Woldenberg, in Wurtemberg. The map is a wood engraving and is bound in a folio volume, with several other maps of value, and is in an excellent state of preservation.

It is probable that other copies of the map, printed at the same time, were not so well protected and have passed out of existence with the ravages of time in the four centuries that have elapsed. An interesting point in relation to the name America is that it is omitted from the Waldseemuller map of 1516, the geographer evidently having learned from the narratives of voyages accessible since the preparation of his first map in 1507 that Americus Vesputius was not, as he had hitherto thought, the first discoverer of the new world.

The sum of \$50,000 is a high price to pay for one map when an atlas full of maps may be bought anywhere for a very few dollars. Yet this price is not considered exorbitant, and experts say that the map would easily bring from \$75,000 to \$90,000 if offered at auction in London. It is thought that an offer of \$100,000 might secure the map to this country, and possibly some multimillionaire or historical association will yet come forward with a price sufficient to bring the map to the country where by all the sentiment of association and tradition it properly belongs.

## Dogs as Collectors.

"Collecting dogs" are popular just now in England for gathering many for charitable purposes. The Royal Berks hospital has recently been enriched to the extent of nearly \$50 in 2,374 coins which Prince, a fox terrier, collected at Wokingham. Prince is the property of a local public house keeper, whose customers amuse themselves by hiding a coin which the intelligent terrier speedily finds, when it is transferred to a box, where it remains until the time comes for the donations to be handed over to the hospital's treasurer. It is said that a collecting dog at Paddington railway station in London has during its service collected over \$3,750 for charity and still continues his good work.—Chicago Daily News.

## A Young Lawyer.

Not long ago a bright young lawyer, whose progress was due to the celerity with which he disposed of cases placed in his hands, approached one of the famous leaders of the bar with a proposition to be admitted into partnership. "Oh, yes, I have heard of you," said the great legal light. "You won the suit of—against heavy odds, and from retainer to final fee were occupied less than five weeks. Such expedition is most reprehensible. Why, young man, that case would have occupied any experienced lawyer at least two years. I am not prepared to admit into partnership any one who does not understand the most important word in the legal vocabulary—'Delay.'"—N. Y. Press.

## They Aim to Please.

Trate Citizen—But can't you do something to reduce the crowding?  
Affable Magnate—Certainly. We will cut the service, so where there are two jammed cars now there will only be one in future.—Brooklyn Life.

## At Mud Knob.

Jasper—That fellow Jones smokes all the time. He fairly lives on tobacco.  
Jumpuppie—Why, of course. He's a vegetarian, you know.—Judge.

## A Solitary Remedy.

Raw onions and whisky are the prescription of a Mississippi doctor for malaria. The prescription would seem to involve solitude as an accessory treatment.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Only one remedy in the world that will at once stop itchiness of the skin in any part of the body. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50 cents.

"Her face is her fortune." "Then she is to be taken at her face value, I suppose."—Indianapolis News.

Monarch over pain. Burns, cuts, sprains, stings. Instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "An empty bin!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Grip of Pneumonia may be ward off with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"Has he a well-developed sense of humor?" "When the joke is on some one else he has."—Chicago Post.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes are fast to light and washing.

It takes more than money to make a living.—Ram's Horn.

## MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Oct. 1.	
CATTLE—Common	\$3 00 @ 4 00
Butcher steers	5 50 @ 5 65
CALVES—Extra	8 00 @ 8 00
HOGS—Ch. packers	6 75 @ 6 90
Mixed packers	6 50 @ 6 75
SHEEP—Extra	3 25 @ 3 40
LAMBS—Extra	5 35 @ 5 40
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 75 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	70 @ 71
No. 3 red	70 @ 70
CORN—No. 2 mixed	60 @ 60
OATS—No. 2 mixed	30 1/2 @ 30 1/2
RYE—No. 2	53 @ 53
HAY—Ch. tim., new	13 50 @ 13 50
PORK—Clear cut	19 00 @ 19 00
LARD—Steam	11 50 @ 11 50
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	14 1/2 @ 14 1/2
Choice creamery	24 1/2 @ 24 1/2
APPLES—Fancy	2 50 @ 2 75
POTATOES—Per bbl	1 40 @ 1 50
TOBACCO—New	3 00 @ 11 00
Old	7 95 @ 16 00

Chicago.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 40 @ 3 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red	88 @ 90
CORN—No. 2 mixed	57 1/2 @ 58
OATS—No. 2 mixed	28 1/2 @ 29
RYE—No. 2	51 @ 51
PORK—Mess	16 15 @ 16 20
LARD—Steam	11 40 @ 11 50

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. str's	3 35 @ 3 45
WHEAT—No. 2 red	72 @ 72 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	51 1/2 @ 52 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	33 @ 35
RYE—Western	58 1/2 @ 58 1/2
PORK—Mess	17 75 @ 18 50
LARD—Steam	10 60 @ 10 60

Baltimore.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	70 1/2 @ 70 1/2
Southern—Sample	65 @ 70
CORN—No. 2 mixed	49 3/4 @ 50
OATS—No. 2 mixed	28 1/2 @ 29
CATTLE—Butchers	5 75 @ 6 50
HOGS—Western	8 25 @ 8 25

Louisville.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	70 @ 70
CORN—No. 2 mixed	63 1/2 @ 63 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	30 1/2 @ 30 1/2
PORK—Mess	17 00 @ 17 00
LARD—Steam	10 50 @ 10 50

Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	69 @ 69
CORN—No. 2 mixed	58 @ 58
OATS—No. 2 mixed	28 1/4 @ 28 1/4

ST. JACOBS  
OIL

## POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism  
Neuralgia  
Backache  
Headache  
Feetache  
All Bodily Aches  
AND

CONQUERS  
PAIN.WINCHESTER  
FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS  
"New Rival" "Leader" "Repeater"

IF you are looking for reliable shotgun ammunition, the kind that shoots where you point your gun, buy Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells: "New Rival," loaded with Black powder; "Leader" and "Repeater," loaded with Smokeless. Insist upon having Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, and accept no others. ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM

Mexican  
Mustang  
Liniment

WHILE the farmer is gathering his crops his body is gathering a crop of aches and pains, cuts, bruises, backache, sore muscles and stiffened joints. Why not allow

## A HARD STRUGGLE.

When you have a bad back, a back that's lame, weak or aching it's a hard struggle sometimes to find relief and cure, but it's a harder struggle when the dangers beset you of urinary disorders, too frequent urination, retention of the urine with all the subsequent pains, annoyances and suffering. There are many medicines that relieve these conditions, but you want a remedy—a cure. Read this statement; it tells of a cure that lasted.

Veteran Josiah Heller, place of residence 706 South Walnut St., Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1889 I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Cunningham's drug store in Champaign and after taking the remedy conscientiously I made a public statement of the results. I told how Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of my lame back and the pains across my loins beneath the shoulder blades, etc. During the interval which has elapsed I have had occasion at times to resort to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warnings of another attack and on each and every occasion the result obtained was just as satisfactory as when the Pills were first brought to my notice. At this time I just as emphatically endorse the preparation as I did several years ago."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Heller will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.



**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES  
W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. W. L. Douglas made and sold more men's Good-year Welt (Hand Sewed Process) shoes in the first six months of 1902 than any other manufacturer. NEW ARRIVAL will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement.  
**W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOES**  
CANNOT BE EXCELLED.  
1899 sales, \$1,103,820 1902 sales, \$2,940,000  
Best imported and American leathers, Heigl's Patent Gait, Enamel, Box Gait, Golf, Vici Kid, Corona Gait, etc. Kangaroo, East Color Eyelets used.  
Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail 25c extra. This, Catalog Free.  
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

## FREE ELECTRIC BELT OFFER



WITH TEN DAYS FREE WEARING TRIAL in your own home, we furnish the genuine and only BELTING AND ELECTRIFYING CURE FOR PILES. No money in advance; very low cost; positive guarantee. COSTS ALMOST NOTHING compared with most all other treatments. Cures when all other electric belts, appliances and remedies fail. QUICK CURE for more than 50 ailments. Only one cure for all nervous diseases, weakness and disorders. For complete catalogue, cut this ad. out and send to us at once.  
**SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.**

## PILES

ANAKESIS gives instant relief and POSITIVE CURE FOR PILES. For free sample address "ANAKESIS," Tribune building, New York.

YOUR CHANCE Will you seize your opportunity? CHANCE BRINGS SOFTNESS, BEAUTY. Once tried always used, for sunburn, etc. Remedy for sunburn, etc. Druggists will prepare for 50c or less. Every woman needs unadorned Complexion Cream. Size \$1.10 N. Hampden, N. O. La.

A. N. K.—E 1937  
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.